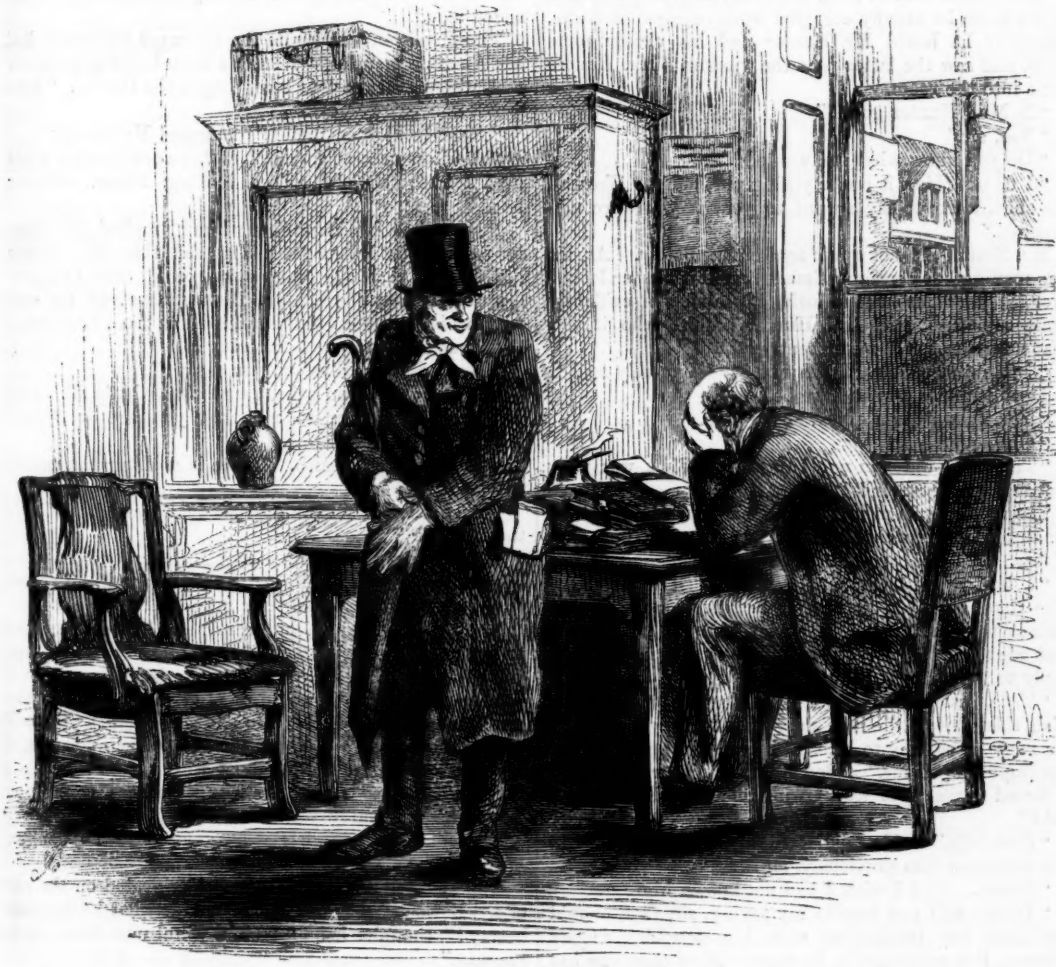


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



IN THE CLUTCHES OF LAWYER GWINN.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SEPARATION OF HUNTER AND HUNTER.

MRS. HUNTER quitted the private room with Austin Clay, leaving her husband and the stranger in it. Her face wore a puzzled, vexed look, as she turned it upon Austin. "Who was that person?" she asked. "His manner to me appeared to be strangely insolent."

An instinct, for which Austin perhaps could not have accounted had he tried, caused him to suppress the fact that it was the brother of the Miss Gwinn who had raised a commotion at Mr. Hunter's house. He answered

merely, that he had not seen the person at the office previously.

"Does Mr. Hunter appear to you to be ill?" she abruptly asked.

"He looked so, I think."

"Not now; I am not alluding to the present moment," she rejoined. "Have you noticed, before, that he does not seem well?"

"Yes," replied Austin; "this week or two past."

There was a brief pause. "Mr. Clay," she resumed, in a quiet kind voice, "my health, as you are aware, is not good, and any sort of uneasiness tries me much. I

am going to ask you a confidential question. I would not put it to many, and the asking it of you proves that my esteem for you is great. That Mr. Hunter is ill, there is no doubt; but, whether mentally or bodily, I am unable to discover. To me he observes a most unusual reticence, his object probably being to spare me pain; but I can battle better with a known evil than with an unknown one. Tell me, if you can, whether any vexation has arisen in business matters?"

"Not that I am aware of," promptly replied Austin. "I feel sure that nothing is amiss in that quarter."

"Then it is as I suspected: and he must be suffering from some illness that he is concealing."

She wished Austin good morning, and he proceeded to the room he usually occupied when engaged in-doors. Presently he heard Mr. Hunter and his visitor come forth, and saw the latter pass the window. Mr. Hunter came into the room.

"Is Mrs. Hunter gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what she wanted?"

"I do not think it was anything particular. She said she should like to say a word to you, if you were disengaged."

Mr. Hunter did not speak again immediately. Austin was making out certain estimates, and his master looked over his shoulder—not to look; his mind was evidently pre-occupied. "Did Mrs. Hunter inquire who it was that was with me?" he presently said.

"She inquired, sir. I did not say—I merely said I had not seen the person here before."

"You knew?" in a quick, sharp tone.

"Oh yes."

"Then why did you not tell her? What was your motive for concealing it?"

The inquiry was uttered in a tone that could not be construed as proceeding from any emotion but that of fear. A flush came into Austin's ingenuous face.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I never wish to be otherwise than open. But, as you had previously desired me not to speak of the lady who came to your house that night, I did not know but the same wish might apply to the visit of to-day."

"True, true," murmured Mr. Hunter; "I do not wish this visit of the man's spoken of. Never mention his name, especially to Mrs. Hunter. I suppose he did not impose upon me," added he, with a poor attempt at a forced smile; "it was Gwinn, of Ketterford, was it not?"

"Certainly," said Austin, feeling surprised. "Did you not know him previously, sir?"

"Never. And I wish I had not known him now."

"If—if—will you forgive my saying, sir, that, should you have any transaction with him touching money matters, it is necessary to be wary. More than one has had cause to rue the getting into the clutches of Lawyer Gwinn."

A deep heavy sigh burst from Mr. Hunter. He had turned from Austin. The latter spoke again in his ardent sympathy.

"Sir, is there any way in which I can serve you?—any way? You have only to command me."

"No, no, Clay. I fell into that man's clutches—as you have aptly termed it—years ago: and the penalty must be paid. There is no help for it."

"Not knowing him, sir?"

"Not knowing him. And not knowing that I owed it, as I certainly did not, until a week or two back. I no more suspected that—that I was indebted there, than that I was indebted to you."

He had again grown strangely confused and agitated, and the dew was rising on his livid face. He made a hollow attempt to laugh it off.

"This comes of the freaks of young men. Austin Clay, I will give you a piece of advice. Never put your hand to a bill. You may think it an innocent bit of paper, which can cost you at most but the sum that is marked upon it; but it may come back to you in after years, and you must purchase it with thousands. Have nothing to do with bills, in any way; they will be a thorn in your side."

"So, it is a money affair!" thought Austin. "I might have known it was nothing else, where Gwinn was concerned. Here's Dr. Bevary coming in, sir," he added aloud.

The physician was inside the room ere the words had left Austin's mouth. "Rather a keen-looking customer that, whom I met at your gate," began the Doctor. "Who was it?"

"Keen-looking customer?" repeated Mr. Hunter.

"A fellow dressed in black, with a squint and a white neckerchief; an ill-favoured looking fellow, whoever he is."

"How should I know about him?" replied Mr. Hunter carelessly. But Austin Clay felt that Mr. Hunter *did* know; that the description could only apply to Gwinn, of Ketterford. Dr. Bevary entwined his arm within his brother-in-law's, and led him from the room.

"James, do you want doctoring?"

"No, I don't. What do you mean?"

"If you don't, you belie your looks; that's all. Can you honestly affirm to me that you are in robust health?"

"I am in good health. There is nothing the matter with me."

"Then there's something else in the wind. What's the trouble?"

A flush rose to the face of Mr. Hunter. "I am in no trouble that you can relieve; I am quite well. I repeat that I do not understand your meaning."

The Doctor gazed at him keenly, and his tone changed to one of solemn earnestness. "James, I suspect that you are in trouble. Now, I do not wish to pry into it unnecessarily; but I would remind you that, 'in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.' If you will confide it to me, I will do what I can to help you out of it—*whatever it may be*—to advise with you as to what is best to be done. I am your wife's brother; could you have a truer friend?"

"You are very kind, Bevary. I am in no danger. When I am, I will let you know."

The tone—one of playful mockery—grated on the ear of Dr. Bevary. "Is it assumed to hide what he dare not betray?" thought he. "Well, a wilful man must have his way."

Austin sat up late that night, reading one of the quarterly reviews: he let the time slip by till the clock struck twelve. Mr. and Mrs. Quale had been in bed some time: when nothing was wanted for Mr. Clay, Mrs. Quale was rigid in retiring at ten. Early to bed, and early to rise, was a maxim she was fond of, both in precept and practice. The striking of the church clock aroused him; he closed the book, left it on the table, pulled aside the crimson curtain, and opened the window to look out at the night, before going into his chamber.

A still, balmy night. The stars shone in the heavens, and Daffodil's Delight, for aught that could be heard or seen just then, seemed almost as peaceful as they. Austin leaned from the window; his thoughts ran not upon the stars or upon the peaceful scene around, but upon the

curious trouble which had overshadowed Mr. Hunter. "Five thousand pounds!" His ears had caught distinctly the ominous sum. "Could he have fallen into Lawyer Gwinn's 'clutches' to that extent?"

There was much in it that Austin could not fathom. Mr. Hunter had hinted at "bills;" Miss Gwinn had spoken of the "breaking up of her happy home;" two calamities apparently distinct and apart. And how was it that they were in ignorance of his name, his existence, his—

A startling interruption came to Austin's thoughts. Mrs. Shuck's door was pulled hastily open, and one, panting with excitement, uttering faint sobbing cries, came running down their garden into Peter Quale's. It was Mary Baxendale, and she knocked sharply at the door with nervous quickness.

"What is it, Mary?" asked Austin.

She had not seen him; but, of course, the words caused her to look up. "Oh, sir," the tears streaming from her eyes as she spoke, "would you please call Mrs. Quale, and ask her to step in. Mother's on the wing."

"I'll call her. Mary!"—for she was speeding back again—"can I get any other help for you? If I can be of use, come back and tell me."

Sam Shuck came out of his house as Austin spoke, and went flying up Daffodil's Delight. He had gone for Dr. Bevary. The Doctor had desired to be called, should there be any sudden change. Of course, he did not mean the change of *death*. He could be of no use in that; but how could they discriminate?

Mrs. Quale was dressed and in the sick chamber with all speed. Dr. Bevary was not long. Neither did he remain long: ten minutes, at the most, and he was out again. Austin was then leaning over Peter Quale's gate. He had been in no urgent mood for bed before, and this little excitement, though it did not immediately concern him, afforded an excuse for not going to it.

"How is she, sir?"

"Is it you?" responded Dr. Bevary. "She is gone. Gone to a world where for her there is neither sickness nor pain. I thought it would be sudden at the last."

"Poor thing!" ejaculated Austin.

"Poor thing? Ay, that's what we are all apt to say of the departed. But there's little cause when the spirit is meet for heaven. Clay—to go from a solemn subject to one that—that may, however, prove not less solemn in the end—you heard me mention a stranger I met at the gates of the yard to-day, and Mr. Hunter would not take my question. Was it Gwinn of Ketterford?"

The Doctor had spoken in a changed, low tone, laying his hand, in his earnestness, on Austin's shoulder. Austin paused. He did not know whether he ought to answer.

"You need not hesitate," said the Doctor, divining his scruples. "I can understand that Mr. Hunter may have forbidden you to mention it, and that you would be faithful to him. Don't speak; your very hesitation has proved it to me. Good night, my young friend: we would both serve him if we only knew how."

Austin watched him away, and then went indoors, for Daffodil's Delight began to be astir, and to collect itself around him, Sam Shuck having spread the news touching Mrs. Baxendale. Daffodil's Delight thought nothing of leaving its bed, and issuing forth in shawls and pantaloon upon any rising emergency.

It was part of Austin Clay's duty to sort the letters at Hunter and Hunter's, upon their arrival by the general post. On the morning following the above, he perceived amongst them two letters bearing the Ketterford

post mark. The one was addressed to himself, the other to "Mr. Lewis Hunter," and the handwriting of both was the same. Austin, disposing of the other letters as usual, placing those for the Messrs. Hunter in their room, against they should arrive, and dealing out any others there might be for the hands employed in the firm, according to their address, proceeded to open his own.

To the very end of it Austin read; and then, and not till then, he began to suspect that it could not be meant for him. No name whatever was mentioned in the letter; it began abruptly, and it ended abruptly; not so much as "Sir," or "Dear Sir" was it complimented with, and it was simply signed "A. G." He read it a second time, and then its awful meaning flashed upon him, and a red flush rose to his brow and settled there, as if it were burnt into it. He had become possessed of a dangerous secret.

There was no doubt that the letter was written by Miss Gwinn to Mr. Hunter. By some extraordinary mischance, she had misdirected it. Possibly the letter now lying on Mr. Hunter's desk might be for Austin. Though, what could she be writing about to him?

He sat down. He was quite overcome with the revelation; it was, indeed, of a terrible nature, and he would have given much not to have become cognizant of it. "Bills!" "money!" So that had been Mr. Hunter's excuse for the mystery! No wonder he sought to turn suspicion into any channel but the real one.

Austin was poring over the letter like one in a nightmare, when Mr. Hunter interrupted him. He crushed it into his pocket with all the aspect of a guilty man; any one might have taken him in his confusion so to be. Not for himself was he confused, but he feared lest Mr. Hunter should discover the letter. Although certainly written for him, Austin did not dare to hand it to him, for it would never do to let Mr. Hunter know that he possessed the secret. Mr. Hunter came in, holding out the other letter from Ketterford.

"This letter is for you, Mr. Clay. It has been addressed to me by mistake, I conclude."

Austin took it, and glanced his eyes over it. It contained a few abrupt lines, and a smaller note, sealed, was inside it.

"My brother is in London, Austin Clay. I have reason to think he will be calling upon the Messrs. Hunter. Will you watch for him, and give him the inclosed note? Had he told me where he should put up in town, I should have had no occasion to trouble you.—A. GWINN."

Austin did not lift his eyes to Mr. Hunter's in his usual candid, open manner. He could not bear to look him in the face; he feared lest his master might read in his the dreadful truth. "What am I to do, sir?" he asked. "Watch for Gwinn, and give him the note?"

"Do this with them," said Mr. Hunter. And, striking a wax match, he held both Austin's note and the sealed one over the flame till they were consumed. "You could not fulfil the request if you wished, for the man went back to Ketterford last night."

He said no more. He went away again, and Austin lighted another match, and burnt the crushed letter in his pocket, thankful, so far, that it had escaped Mr. Hunter.

Trouble came. Ere many days had elapsed, there was dissension in the house of Hunter and Hunter. Thoroughly united and cordial the brothers had always been; but now a cause of dispute arose, and it seemed that it could not be arranged. Mr. Hunter had drawn out five thousand pounds from the bank, and refused to

state for what, except that it was for a "private purpose." The business had been a gradually increasing one, and nearly all the money possessed by both was invested in it; so much as was not actually out, lay in the bank in their joint names, "Hunter and Hunter." Each possessed a small private account, but nothing like sufficient to meet a cheque for five thousand pounds. Words ran high between them, their sound penetrating to the ears outside their private room.

Mr. Hunter, his face pale, his lips compressed, his tone kept mostly subdued, sat at his desk, his eyes falling on a ledger he was not occupied with, and his hand partially shading his face. Mr. Henry, more excited, giving way more freely to his anger, paced the room, occasionally stopping before the desk and before his brother.

"It is the most unaccountable thing in the world," he reiterated, "that you should refuse to say what it has been applied to. Draw out, surreptitiously, a formidable sum like that, and not account for it! It is monstrous."

"Henry, I have told you all I can tell you," replied Mr. Hunter, concealing his countenance more than ever. "An old debt was brought up against me, and I was forced to satisfy it."

Mr. Henry Hunter curled his lip. "A debt to that amount! Were you mad?"

"I did not—know—I—had—contracted it," stammered Mr. Hunter, very nearly losing his self-possession. "At least, I thought it had been paid. Youth's errors do come home to us sometimes, in later life."

"Not to the tune of five thousand pounds," retorted Mr. Henry Hunter. "It will cripple the business; you know it will. It is next door to ruin."

"I could not help myself. Had I refused to pay it—"

"Well?" for Mr. Hunter had stopped in embarrassment.

"I should have been compelled to do so. There. Talking of it will not mend it."

Mr. Henry Hunter took a few turns, and then wheeled round sharply. "Perhaps there are other claims for 'youth's follies' to come behind it?"

The words seemed to arouse Mr. Hunter; not to anger—to what looked very like fear—almost to an admission that it might be so. "Were any such further claim to come, I would not satisfy it," he cried, wiping his face. "No, I would not: I would go into exile first."

"We must part," said Mr. Henry Hunter, after another pause. "There is no alternative. I cannot risk the beggaring of my wife and children."

"If it must be so, it must," was all the reply given.

"Tell me the truth, James," urged Mr. Henry, in a more conciliatory tone. "I don't want to part. Tell me all, and let me be the judge. Surely, man! it can't be anything so very dreadful. You didn't set fire to your neighbour's house, I suppose."

"I never thought the claim could come upon me. That is all I can tell you."

"Then we part," decisively returned Mr. Henry Hunter.

"Yes, it may be better. If I am to be ruined, it is of no use to drag you down into it. Only, Henry, let the cause be kept from the world."

"I should be clever to betray the cause, seeing that you leave me in ignorance of what it may be."

"I mean—let no shadow of the truth get abroad. The business is large enough for two firms, and we have agreed to carry it on apart. Let that be the plea."

"You take it coolly, James."

A strange expression—a *wrong* expression—passed over the face of James Hunter. "I cannot help myself, Henry. The five thousand pounds are gone, and of course it is right that I should bear the loss alone—or any other loss it may bring in its train."

"But why not impart to me the facts?"

"No. It could not possibly do good; and it might make matters infinitely worse. One advantage our separation will have: there is a good deal of money owing to us from different quarters, and this will call it in."

"Or I don't see how you would carry it on for your part," said Mr. Henry, "minus your five thousand pounds."

"Will you grant me a favour, Henry?"

"That depends upon what it may be."

"Let the real cause be equally a secret from your wife, as from the world. I should not ask it without an urgent reason."

"Don't you mean to tell Louisa?"

"No. Will you give me the promise?"

"Very well. If it be of the consequence you seem to intimate. I cannot fathom you, James."

"Let us apply ourselves now to the ways and means of the dissolution. That, at any rate, may be amicable."

It fell upon the world like a thunderbolt—that is, the world connected with Hunter and Hunter. They separate? so flourishing a firm as that! The world at first refused to believe it; but the world soon found it was true.

Mr. Hunter retained the yard where the business was at present carried on. Mr. Henry Hunter found other premises to suit him: not far off: a little more to the west. Considerably surprised were Mrs. Hunter, and Mrs. Henry; but the same plausible excuse was given to them; and they remained in ignorance of the true cause.

"Will you remain with me?" pointedly asked Mr. Hunter of Austin Clay. "I particularly wish it."

Austin smiled. "As you and Mr. Henry may decide, sir. It is not for me to choose."

"We could both do with you, I believe. I had better talk it over with him."

"That will be the best plan, sir."

"What do you part for?" abruptly inquired Dr. Bevary, one day, of the two brothers.

Mr. Henry raised his eyebrows. Mr. Hunter spoke volubly.

"The business is getting too large. It will be better divided."

"Moonshine!" cried the Doctor, quietly. "When a concern gets unwieldy, a man takes a partner to help him on with it: you are separating. There's many a firm larger than yours. Do you remember the proverb of the bundle of sticks?"

But neither Dr. Bevary nor anybody else got at a better reason than that for the measure. The dissolution of partnership took place, it was duly gazetted, and the old firm became two. Austin remained with Mr. Hunter, and he was the only living being who gave a guess, or who could give a guess at the real cause of separation—the drawing out of that five thousand pounds.

MEXICO.

MEXICO stretches from sea to sea on the North American continent, between the United States and the Central American republics. It has been shorn of much territory by the annexation of its northern and the secession of its southern districts, yet it still retains an area nine

times as large as that of Great Britain and Ireland. Its government is a federal republic, divided into twenty states (Yucatan being no longer in the Union), a federal district, and three territories.

The country is almost unique in its conformation. It is one vast mountain, the Cordillera, rising out suddenly from the sea, the top of which forms the table-land that comprises most of its area, and slopes to the north with a gradual decline. Out of the table-land spring other mountain chains. As you enter from the south, the range of the Cordillera branches off east and west, running on each side at no great distance from the coast. In the space between the mountain and the shore there is all the burning heat and luxuriant vegetation of the tropics—it is the Tierra Caliente, the first of the three climates of Mexico. The verdure is of surpassing beauty—a sea of burning green. Tall forests of cocoas and feathery palms rise over almost impenetrable thickets of aloe, banana, and leafy cane; groves of oranges and lemons mingle their fruits with granaditas and pine apples in rich profusion; a thousand parasites wave from the lofty branches, and fling their garlands to the earth; a multitude of gorgeous orchids, some erect, some pendent, start from the bark of living or prostrate trees, the whole alive with birds of gaudy plumage and noisy chatter, mocking-birds, cardinals, cat-birds, golden pheasants, parrots, and humming-birds; whilst the pools swarm with wild fowl, and the air with mosquitoes and crowds of painted butterflies. Such is the most attractive side of the picture. But it has its reverse. Malaria lurks in the heavy air, and yellow fever decimates those who are not acclimatized. Vera Cruz is called by the natives *La Ciudad de los Muertos*—the City of the Dead. Through one half the year the pestilence rages, through the other storms sweep along the coast, which render the shore unapproachable from the sea, and deluge those who venture out of doors.

As you advance inland, the climate changes to the perpetual spring of the Tierras Templadas, or Temperate Region, which lies on the slope of the Cordillera to the height of about 5000 feet. To this elevation above the sea-level its climate is due. Although within the tropics, the extremes of heat and cold are unknown. Jalapa is the head quarters of the Tierras Templadas. The vanilla, the indigo, and the palm are no longer seen, but other tropical vegetation here consorts with the oak, and apple, and other products of temperate lands. The bright verdure is occasionally broken by deep *barrancas*, or volcanic ravines, which intersect the country, and in whose recesses the vegetation of the Tierra Caliente blooms, and by the snow-clad cones of lofty volcanoes. In the winter months there is no cold, but the atmosphere is damp and misty; in the summer the sun shines out in a sky of serene and pure blue.

Crossing a rocky sierra as you advance northwards, you enter the valley of Mexico, and are in the Tierras Frias, or cold regions. The valley is shut in by the peaks of the Cordilleras, which form a gigantic azure belt of about sixty leagues in circumference. Fine lakes glisten in the bright sun, and in two of them the lofty cones of two snow-capped volcanoes are reflected. The marked features are a dark forest of cedars, clumps of pale green olives, and an occasional palm or weeping willow. The air is so clear that the distance melts away, bathed in light which the eye's vision is too feeble to penetrate.

Advancing yet farther to the north, you reach the district of the silver mines, here in the midst of fertile fields of maize, there on bare rocks, whose forests have been ruthlessly cut down by Spanish miners, whose im-

providence neglected to plant any young trees in their stead. The most northern States are bounded by waving prairies, through which the mule caravans pass to New Mexico and Texas.

The political history of Mexico has all the interest of a romantic story. The Spaniards found it inhabited by a highly civilized people, under the rule of the powerful Montezuma. The valley of Mexico teemed with an industrious population; numerous cities lined the shores of the lake of Tezeuco, on which the capital is now situate. More than all, the Europeans were astounded at the splendour which surrounded the person of the emperor, the magnificence of his palaces, gardens, and menageries, and the elegance of the metal work and other manufactures with which they were adorned. All these have long since passed away. But the great Calendar stone built into the cathedral at Mexico, the huge pyramid at Cholula, and some ruined cities, still remain to testify to the truth of the Spanish accounts of Aztec civilization. There are probably many monuments of the past yet unexplored, which will reward the search of future travellers.

The story of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez must be read in the pages of Prescott and Robertson. With a handful of men he subdued the Aztecs, but not until Mexico was a heap of ruins. The terrible sufferings of the siege, and the fortitude with which they were borne, are unsurpassed in the annals of the world's history. Alvarado added all Central America, then called Guatemala, to the empire of Mexico. The Jesuits won California by more peaceful weapons. The Spanish crown held all North America, from the Isthmus of Panama to the northern boundaries of Texas, New Mexico, and California. The pope was good enough to confirm Spain in the possession of this territory, won for it by the acts and arms of its subjects.

Mexico was governed for nearly three centuries by Spanish viceroys. The home government made good laws for the protection of the Indians, as the natives were termed, but they were unable to enforce them. The people were terribly maltreated by their Spanish and Creole masters. They were forced to labour in the silver mines, to work on the farms of the planters, and to pay heavy taxes to the king. In vain did the Council of the Indies interfere in their behalf. In vain did the pope assert that *they were really men*, and capable of being converted to Christianity. The Spanish colonists only thought of making a fortune and returning to Europe. Indeed, Spanish pride made but little distinction between Indians and Creoles, although the latter were as rich and more numerous than the Europeans. One of the last viceroys declared, that as long as a Castilian cobbler remained in Mexico, he ought to rule.

The Creoles revolted against Spain in 1810, and after a struggle of about ten years, the independence of the country was established. Ever since, different parties in the state have been quarrelling with one another. There has usually been a liberal and a priestly faction, but the leaders have changed sides so often that the whole country has been thrown into a hopeless condition of confusion.* The Mexicans are exceedingly bigoted, and hate foreigners, their ill-treatment of whom has caused the present intervention of England, France, and Spain.

Mexico is but thinly populated. It contains only some seven millions of inhabitants. The people do not bear a high character: they are cowardly and quarrelsome, much addicted to use their knives when provoked. Assassination is exceedingly common, and the friends of the murdered man, instead of seeking for justice from

the law, avenge his death themselves. Thus feuds are constantly rising and spreading. The religion of Mexico is Roman Catholic, and they are excessively intolerant; but the Indians hold a strange intermixture of heathenism and popery. The language universally spoken is Spanish. Of the character and habits of the Mexicans we must speak more fully in another paper.

Mexico, the capital, is charmingly situated in the great valley of the table-land. Its streets run in a straight line at right angles to one another, and the view is almost invariably shut in by the purple of the distant hills far beyond the city itself. The population is estimated at 170,000. The houses are commonly quadrangular in shape, entered by a large gateway leading into a courtyard, generally filled with flowers. The ground floor is occupied by the servants and the stables, and its windows to the street, if any, are strongly barred; the other floor contains the reception and dwelling rooms of the family. The outer walls are stained with various colours, and the balconies hung with striped cotton, which gives them a jaunty appearance. The flat roof, called the *azotea*, is the receptacle for a quantity of flowers, and forms the promenade and evening lounge of the household.

The great square contains the cathedral on one side—a huge pile, overlaid with ornament, containing immense stores of silver plate, many tawdry pictures, and abundance of dirt. The president's palace, including all the offices of administration besides, two barracks, a prison, a botanic garden, and the legislative chambers, fill up another side of the square; the remainder is occupied by two large markets. There is great abundance of churches and convents, whose spires and domes of blue and yellow tiling diversify the picture. The streets swarm with people, save in the hours of the siesta, until the last toll of the *hujelus* or evening bell, when all respectable persons hurry home. It is not safe to be out after dark.

The Alameda, or public park, is the great place of resort in the evening. Carriages of every description, from the modern barouche to the old-fashioned gilded coach, like that of my Lord Mayor, throng the drive. Mexican gentlemen, in velvet jackets of gaudy colours and silver buttons like a postilion—the saddle, bridle, and stirrup all bright with silver and stamped leather, with high pommel and cantle, so that the rider can only just put his toes into the stirrup—prance upon their spirited little horses. The ladies do not wear bonnets, but have their hair dressed with much care, and adorned with natural flowers; all have fans, which they use with much grace.

The outskirts of the capital contain some miserable quarters, in which the leperos reside; but we must defer an account of this peculiar class of the Mexican people, and of other matters, until our next paper.

SENSATIONAL ADVERTISING.

It has often been remarked that not the least interesting portion of a newspaper, whether of a past day or of our own time, is that which is devoted to the reception of advertisements. Any one who has noticed, from time to time, during the last quarter of a century, the varying phases which advertising has assumed within that period, must have observed that the advertising art has, to a great extent, taken its form and pressure from a certain description of popular literature, which, being got up for the delectation of a class who read for excitement rather than for instruction, aims at the production of

startling sensation, and has, for the most part, no other end in view. Just as the old, simple, and sober narratives which delighted our forefathers are dull and vapid to the devourers of the low-priced melodramatic romances which fill our trash-shops, so the plain and simple language in which our sires were accustomed to couch their commercial announcements would fall dead, and fail of its object with the mass of the public. This, at any rate, must be the reason, whether it be well or ill founded, why popular advertising, like popular literature, has become, to such a large extent, sensational.

We are going to pass in review some few of the singular and rather whimsical forms under which the prevailing mode of advertising sometimes makes its appearance. The spectacle will not be altogether un-instructive.

The first which demands attention, as being the most venerable of modern inventions, is the *erudite* form of advertising. In adopting this plan, the vender of a commodity forsakes for the nonce his station on the market or the shop-board, and takes his seat in the chair of the philologist, and blows his trumpet through the medium of the dead languages. If he has hats to sell, his hats become *idrotobolic*; if a tooth-powder, it is an *odonto*; if he deal in photographs, they are *paecilogramic delineations*; does he quack his wonderful mixture, it is an *elixir vita*, or a *phosphorico nervo-tonic*; or does he puff his hair-dye, it becomes a super-sublimated *hydro-hyperion* fluid. He does not concern himself much about the correctness of his etymology, but lays hold of the hardest word he can extract from the dictionary, in perfect faith that upon the strength of it he may clap a good per-centage on the price of his article.

A second phase of advertising, not so presumptuous as the above, but allowing of far more variety and talent, is one which is rarely attempted by the vender of goods himself, but is delegated by him to some hitherto unrecognised wayfarer in the walks of literature. The performances of these gentry confront us continually, in the shape of long paragraphs of unmistakably fine writing—sentences of glowing description and of lofty climaxes, and “words of learned length and thundering sound.” Not a few of them are poets laureate to the monarchs of commerce, and spend their days in tagging rhymes or building up acrostics in praise of pantaloons and overcoats, pea-jackets and corduroys—irrigating with rills from Parnassus the table-land of the slop-shop. We have heard it said that these are the only poets of the day who get fat upon their vocation; and they are reported to boast that, though they do not get the *sack* awarded to the royal laureate, they have what they like better—a permanent situation, with an annual suit of appropriate fustian into the bargain. Their ingenuity in the torturing of language is most remarkable, and their lavish waste of laudatory epithet is sometimes almost enough to take away one's breath. In the power of alliteration, also, some of them are unrivalled; we had lately in our possession a prospectus containing not less than eight thousand words, every one of which began with the letter T, and which expressed what it had to say quite intelligibly, in spite of its T-totalism. That a considerable amount of respectable talent of a peculiar kind is thus employed there can be no doubt; and we might cite, as an additional instance, the fact that there is in existence a series of imitations of Horace's Odes, transmuted into odes in praise of blacking, which only failed to see the light through the unlooked-for failure of the blacking-maker, and which were done to order by his “poet on the premises.”

A third phase of the advertising craft is that which

may be appropriately termed the calamitous phase. This is very much in vogue at the present hour; and there are lying upon our desk at this moment some fifty specimens of it at least, which the ingenious concoctors of them have despatched per post, in order to shock the susceptible nerves of our better half, and induce her to perpetrate a bargain under the influence of the excitement they would naturally generate. The first we happen to take up tells in staring capitals of the "*frightful stagnation in the Manchester and Coventry trades*," and, on the strength of the general catastrophe, offers twenty thousand morning dresses, worth eight shillings, for two and elevenpence halfpenny, and offers five hundred other things besides, all equally cheap. The second is headed "*Terrific Failures and Bankruptcies*," and records the loss of FIVE MILLIONS STERLING IN ONE DAY, through depreciation in the value of stock—said five millions being a reduction in favour of the ladies, who are called upon to disburse twenty shillings for the purchase of four pounds' worth of goods—and are goaded, with a whole row of notes of admiration, to beware of delay, lest they should lose their chance. The third sample blazons a "*Revolution in America*," a bloody civil war, the desolation of hearths and homes, and the general collapse of the United States banks—the outcome of which portentous announcement is a fall in linseys from 3s. 9½d. to 1s. 4½d., a declension in reps royale from 4s. to 1s. 1½d., and such utter ruin in a large collection of miscellaneous goods as induces the advertiser to "*accept any offer that may be made*" for them. A fourth specimen of the calamitous is headed "*Tremendous Conflagration*," with perilous escape, and prodigious loss of property, which the economically disposed are invited to turn to their general gain by buying up fifty thousand pairs of silk hose at prices merely nominal, and completing their household stocks of winter goods from the salvage rescued by the firemen after trifling damage. The reader will spare us the description of the remainder of the samples; but we cannot dismiss them without remarking that these prophets of woe, as if they had a misgiving as to the general efficacy of their system, sometimes forego their dismal strains, and assail the sex on its softer side. On these occasions the shop resolves itself into a "*benevolent committee*," and distributes warm hosiery, flannels and whittles, and other articles necessary to the poor, at an *alarming sacrifice*, to which you may, if you like, consider that the proprietors are urged solely by their sympathies for the necessitous.

A fourth phase of the advertising art is one in which the "*sensation*" is not effected by the advertisement, but the advertisement is beneficially affected by a foregone sensation. We look upon this as the most ingenious and philosophical of all modern modes of puffing; but it is practicable only in newspapers, and is more expensive than ordinary modes. This is the way in which it is managed: a plain advertisement is drawn up in moderate language; instead of inserting it in the advertising columns, the printer, for a consideration, agrees to insert it along with the current news of the day, so that the most cursory reader of the paper shall stumble on it whether he will or no. Further, in order that it shall strike the reader more forcibly, it is always inserted in connection with some paragraph of general interest. Thus, at the heels of a garotte robbery comes the Magic Depilatory, and the harrowing account of some barbarous murder winds up with a detailed recommendation of Professor Puffaway's pills. The cunning of this system lies in this—that the principle of association, which has so much to do with memory, comes into play, and it is next to impossible for the reader who has read the

records of the robbery and the murder to dismiss from his mind the hair-dye and the pill with which they are brought into juxtaposition. Any one who takes up a newspaper may note the constant working of this singular system, and he will see, if he care to see as much, that it is mainly confined to the magnates in the puffing world, the men who spend their ten or twenty thousand a year in making a sensation, and who may be almost said to have the advertising press under their thumb. What the reader will not see is a rather characteristic fact of which we shall put him in possession for his private amusement. As the advertisements of quacks go into every impression of the paper, it will frequently happen that there is nothing in the current news, of a sensational kind, which would aid in fixing the contents of the puff in the reader's memory. To meet this often-recurring contingency, the wholesale pill-dealer keeps a *littérateur* on his staff, whose business it is to concoct startling paragraphs from time to time, bearing on matters of general interest—the more mysterious and exciting they are the better. These paragraphs are printed on broad sheets, containing about fifty each, and are forwarded to the proprietors of newspapers throughout the country, with directions that one of them is to precede the advertisement when there is nothing sufficiently startling in the news of the day to serve the desired purpose. One of these sheets, which was despatched by an omnivorous pill-monger to a country editor, is now lying before us, with a collection of startling cocks, which are to crow as *avant-couriers* of the pill-puffs, for it may be the next six months. We feel tempted to give an extract, and anticipate the frightful catastrophe which is to happen a month or two hence; but we do not know how far we should be justified in so doing, and therefore we refrain.

The above are a few of the forms of sensational advertising; we might add many more, for the subject is a comprehensive one, and its details stretch away into innumerable bye-paths, but which, to say the truth, are not very tempting to the explorer. All the above contrivances are but so many convulsive or systematized attempts to get the public by the ear. It may be reasonably asked, seeing that, to the man of observation, all these designs are so transparent, how is it that they remunerate the designers? The answer is simply this: that the mass of mankind are not persons of observation, but are persons who are content to be led by those who seek to steer them, and are shorn accordingly. There is nothing more surprising in the history of human society, than the very small effect that is produced upon the multitude by the completest exposure of the cunning ones who make them their prey. It is constantly happening that the victims of to-day are the victims of to-morrow; the common sense we are given to boast of has not yet become the possession of the common people. Unprincipled puffers seem to be quite aware of this, and they trade successfully on their knowledge. He was a thorough Worldly Wiseman who said, *à propos* of this subject, "Give me the patronage of the boobies, and I care not a straw who gets that of the clever fellows"—a dictum which sounds very like that of a sensational advertiser.

HARTEBEEST CHASE.

A FINE specimen of the hartebeest, (*Antelope Caama* of Cuvier, *Bubalus Caama* of later naturalists,) has lately been added to the collection at the Zoological Gardens. Most of the recent travellers in South Africa have described this animal, though chiefly in connection with

THE HARTEBEEST (*Eubatus Caama*).

the chase. Sportsmen are generally the only field naturalists in these regions; and although some of their adventures have occasionally an appearance of wanton destruction of life, we know that the starving Kaffirs look upon the chase with other feelings.

The following account is given by Captain Drayton, R.A., in his "Sporting Scenes" in South Africa:—

Whilst on a visit to an English settler, who resided about forty miles from Pietermaritzberg, I had some good sport with hartebeest.

Having made inquiries from the few Kaffirs who lived in this neighbourhood, I found that a troop of hartebeest were usually found feeding on some table-land about twenty miles from the house at which I was staying. I therefore started alone one beautiful bright morning at daybreak, to have a quiet gallop after these animals. Unfortunately, my telescope had been forgotten, and I could not scan the country with such accuracy as to distinguish the antelope from the stone on the flat distant hills. After riding an hour or two, I reached the country that had been indicated to me as the hartebeest kop; I off-saddled for half an hour to have my horse as fresh as possible, in case of a run, and then continued my ride. On rising a little stony ridge, I suddenly came on a troop of nearly forty hartebeest: they were grazing, but immediately took the alarm. As usual, they did not at once make straight away, but took two or three circling gallops

round me; they kept at such a safe distance that I did not try a shot for some time; at length, seeing that they were going away, I rode at a point for which they were making. I had to keep my horse at full gallop to hold my position with them, although they seemed to be merely cantering. There was a little opening between two hills, and for this the hartebeest appeared to be steering; making a grand push, I passed a little ahead of them, and, jumping off, got a double shot at the string as they dashed past. I saw that the result was a hind-leg of a fine bull-hartebeest broken. He went gallantly away on three legs, but I certainly did not doubt but that I should be more than a match for him with the horse's four. I lost a little ground by dismounting, and before I had loaded again, the herd had passed out of sight over some rising ground.

Upon again viewing the hartebeest, I was alarmed at the start they had obtained; they were mere specks in the distance. Feeling great confidence in the gameness of my well-conditioned, hardy little nag, I let him go over the green springy turf, and soon found that the distance between us and the hartebeest was diminishing. Seeing my horse's ears suddenly elevated, I looked round on each side, and saw my three-legged hartebeest galloping away behind, and nearly close to me; he had been lying down amongst some stones, and had allowed me to pass without moving. I turned after him, my horse seeming as anxious

in the chase as a hound. When an animal is badly wounded, he usually separates himself from the remainder of the herd, as though they no longer had any sympathy with him, and he then seeks in solitude to brood over his sufferings, unwatched by the eyes of his fellows. I intended to save my ammunition until I got a fair chance of a dead shot, but after a stern-chase of more than four miles, I found that the loss of one leg did not much affect the speed of my friend; edging off a little, I made a push forward, and pulled up for a broadside-shot at little more than one hundred yards distant. As I did so, the hartebeest also stopped and looked at me, and I dropped him with the first shot behind the shoulder. The next proceeding was to get as much of the flesh cut up and put on my horse as he could manage to carry. I was anxious for the head and skin; but from want of skill as a butcher, I mauled the skin so terribly that I found it would be useless. Taking away the head and choice parts of the flesh, I looked round for my bearings, and slowly returned homewards.

To the inexperienced in this sort of travelling the road would not have been easy. The hills bear a wonderful resemblance to one another, and during the excitement of a gallop of this description, there is little time to take observations as to the course one is pursuing; a sort of instinct seems to supply the place of reason; it would be difficult to tell any one why or how we know that such a direction is the right one—we *feel* that it is so, but can give no reason why. I am confident that this is the feeling that animals have when they find their way for miles to their homes by roads on which they have never before travelled. There is a well-authenticated instance of a dog having been taken from the south of England to Scotland by sea, and returning alone by land.

On another day I went out hartebeest-hunting, and soon found a troop of these creatures quietly feeding on a level plain that extended some miles around. They were some distance from me, and my horse, not having had any good forage for four days, had lost his condition, and was not fit for a gallop after these fleet animals. There was not a stone or ant-hill near enough to get a shot from, and the grass being very short, stalking was out of the question. I left my horse, and slid along to within six hundred yards of the herd without attracting their attention, and lay down in a small patch of long grass to watch proceedings. A knowing old bull-hartebeest, however, was on the look-out, and kept moving from side to side with a careful and suspicious air. I saw that I could get no nearer, and yet did not like to try my shot from such a distance. I had often heard of the curiosity of the antelopes, and that they might be decoyed by this weakness of character. So, lying down well out of sight, I took a red silk pocket-handkerchief, and, tying it to my gun, waved it slowly above the grass. The hartebeest saw it immediately, and all left off feeding; they moved about very suspiciously, keeping a good look-out at the strange object. I kept waving the flag most industriously, and soon saw that they were coming up towards it; but, when about two hundred yards distant they again stopped, and eyed my signal. Hoping that they would come nearer, I did not fire, and saw them walk knowingly round to leeward to try and get my wind. This would have ruined all; so, lowering the flag, I fired at the ancient bull and dropped him. It was the cleanest dead shot I ever saw. A Dutchman, in describing a similar event, said that "the foot that was in the air never came to the ground while there was life." I gave the contents of the second barrel to another bull; but he went away gallantly after receiving the ball in his ribs. I took enormous pains to skin and preserve the head from injury, and then went down for

my nag, who had remained feeding quietly. He was a good shooting horse, and generally behaved well; but when he saw me coming, he gave an impudent sort of whisk of his tail and walked quietly away, holding his head sufficiently on one side to keep the reins from catching the feet. I called to him and stood still, he stopped and fed; I walked slowly towards him, he walked slowly away, keeping his eye on me with a malicious twinkle; I ran towards him, he trotted off; and thus passed half an hour. I found it was no use trying to catch him, for he was determined on mischief, and there was no help for it. I returned to the hartebeest and got his head and tail and my gun; the skin I left, as it was more than I could carry in addition. I then returned to my horse, who had made use of his time and had been feeding away at the short green grass. As I came towards him, he moved on as before: fortunately he seemed to know the road that he had come, and returned on his spoor. Now and then he would canter on half a mile or so, stop and feed till I came near, when he would start off again. It was a great trial for my temper, as my load was considerable and the journey before me very long; the burning sun was directly over my head, and its heat consequently intense. I took a pull or two at my flask, and trudged on for upwards of four hours before I came in sight of my friend's house, this tantalizing rascal in front of me the whole time. I then went to the stream near, and finding a still, quiet pool, cooled myself with a dip in its clear water.

On the following day I got a long halter with a bowling-knot at the end, and cantered this same horse over my journey of yesterday, as I thought it possible that I might find the skin of the hartebeest fit to take away. As I came near, however, I gave up this hope, for I saw a vulture sailing over my head in the same direction in which I was going; I looked up, and saw another and another. When I came near the carcass, I saw a regular inquest sitting there, a dozen vultures at least, most of them gorged to repletion, while others were fighting for bits of the skin. Seeing that there was nothing left for my share, I withdrew.

REPRESENTATIVE CHARACTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

I.—OLYMPIA MORATA.

EUROPE had gradually grown darker and darker down to the midnight of the tenth century, and gradually advanced towards dawn and daylight thenceforward. The invention of printing; the discovery of America and the Cape of Good Hope; the teachings of Erasmus and Reuchlin in the great schools of the continent, had combined to make the close of the fifteenth century a period of decided enlightenment, and of much marvel. But when the sixteenth brought the great revival of letters, and the great revival of religion, even amid convulsions which rent society from the surface to the core, learned men looked fondly on the rising sun of Truth, and named their era "the Renaissance"—the new birth of the world.

Italy was then the centre of the nations, and her share of the wide awakening was large. True, that the light which struggled through the clouds was soon overcast with a deeper gloom, and that Italy, in the nineteenth century, is endeavouring to grasp, amid blood and tears, those priceless boons of liberty and evangelism which the sixteenth century might have bestowed. But, looking through the long gallery of great names which the Italian history of that age presents, we see how deeply

the popular mind was stirred, and how stupendous an effort must have been required to smooth down its workings into paths of mediocrity and safe thinkings, acceptable to the dominant hierarchy. A few characters may be taken from the mass of the renowned, as representatives, in some sort, of the whole.

Women had much to do with this Renaissance. Courts which contained women as a constituent part, were first formed by Francis I and contemporary princes; the position of the sex, as man's helpmeet and worthy equal in social life, came to be fully recognised, because brute force was in a measure dethroned from its long supremacy, and intellect stepped into its stead. The new learning of the classics had no more ardent students than women of the higher grades, released from the perpetual drudgery of tapestry and the spindle. And among the most distinguished of such women, we find the world-famous name of Olympia Morata.

Though few have read a line of her writings, beyond what are given as samples of her style in popular memoirs; though her astonishing scholarship would now be considered unfeminine, and many would not care to appreciate the minute finish of her Greek odes; still, her reputation continues among the catchword memories of the century, and she may fairly be taken as the noblest instance ever given of a most learned woman being yet a most true and gentle, and housewifely woman. No whit disqualified by her highly cultivated intellect for feminine labours even of the humblest kind, and for lavishing a wealth of the most submissive love upon a less gifted husband, Olympia Morata stands for ever as a proof that a woman with head-learning is not necessarily an unpleasantly useless blue-stocking.

She was born in 1526, the eldest child of Professor Fulvio Morata, of the then celebrated University of Ferrara, and private tutor to the young brothers of Duke Hercules II. One of these became afterwards the distinguished Cardinal Hoppolito d'Este; so we may infer that Morata's Latin instructions fell upon kindly soil. But some unknown cause procured his banishment from court and exile from the Ferrarese dominions, during six years subsequent to seven years of these teachings, which six years had a powerful influence on his gifted child's life, in contributing to make her the miracle of learning which she was at thirteen. Morata had little to do during his exile but cram Latin and Greek into her retentive memory. We are told that, in her tenderest years, she "babbled" in the language of the classics, "was nourished by their thoughts, was inspired by their sentiments." So it would appear from much of the poetry of her teens, which is decidedly heathenish, and profuse in mythology; but then, that was the manner of the age. Sixteenth-century scholars could never sufficiently exalt the masterpieces of classic learning, so long buried away from sight of men, and but newly resuscitated; and the closest copyist of them was considered the highest intellect.

At twelve years old, Olympia was the admired of all admirers in the learned assemblies at her father's house in Ferrara. The Canon Calcagnini, who was "mathematician, archaeologist, and poet," (which, by the way, seem paradoxes of accomplishment,) used to call her "the prattling infant muse;" Giraldis, the best Grecian of his time, styles her, "a damsel talented beyond the nature of her sex, thoroughly skilled in Greek and Latin literature, and a miracle to all who hear her speak." "The favour of the muses," writes Calcagnini, "is for thee a household heritage." And very proud of his Olympia was the Latin professor Morata, and probably thought the appointment but due to her merits, when

she was one day chosen, from the clever young ladies of Ferrara, to be companion in the studies of Anne of Este, eldest child of René of France and Hercules II, and afterwards Duchess of Guise herself.

This was another of the hothouse children of the age, who could recite choice fragments of Demosthenes and Cicero, and translate the Fables of Æsop, when our children are stumbling over spelling of two syllables, and reciting no loftier lyrics than "How doth the little busy bee." We can fancy the two small heads bent over a passage in Homer, or jointly busy with the casting of Latin verses, while their fair soft childish faces seem more fit for dolls. At nine years old, the Princess Anne had translated fables from the Tuscan into "elegant and ornate Latin!"

Olympia was a companion eminently suited for such learning as this. Her father went on with his instructions after she had removed to the palace. No more need, now, of needle or spindle, or attendance on little sisters; she could deliver herself wholly to her beloved studies. Between fourteen and sixteen, she produced divers compositions in the dead languages—an essay on Mutius Scaevola, in Greek; a defence of Cicero, in Latin, and sundry lectures or declamations.

Surely she is a favourite of fortune! might some less brilliantly placed maidens in Ferrara affirm. Beautiful in face and form, with an intellect accomplished and precocious to a miracle; the ornament of a courtly circle; the chosen companion of princesses; Olympia had indeed the richest sunshine of worldly position about her at this time. And yet, she writes at a later period, when wisdom had been given her to discern the true end of existence, "Had I remained longer at court, it would have been all over with me and my salvation. For never, while I remained there, could I attain to a divine knowledge, or study the books of either Testament."

And so the brilliant section of Olympia's life—nearly ten years spent on a pinnacle of admiration, in the most learned court in Italy—were neither her happiest nor her usefulest years. That she had qualities of heart as well as of head, is proved by the attached friends who grew round her at this time, and who continued to cling to her in fallen fortunes subsequently. The Princess Lavinia della Rovere loved her during life; Anne d'Este kept up correspondence with her when the one was removed to France and the other to Germany—the one as wife of a royal duke, the other as wife of a humble physician.

Paul III, making a papal progress with more than regal magnificence throughout Italy, sojourned for a few days at Ferrara, to the enormous expense of his vassal, Duke Hercules. His suite, of three thousand personages and less noticeable persons, swamped half-a-dozen palaces by their numbers; and there were all sorts of entertainments given in his honour. But while a state entry, and dramatic representations, and superb ecclesiastical ceremonies, amused the retinue and the populace, some real work was done behind the scenes. Nobody could imagine what the Pope and the Duke had such long talks about; but, from that week, Hercules looked coldly on the reformers, and the trials of his wife began.

His court had been remarkable for its encouragement of the new doctrines which Luther had first preached, and which Bernardino Ochino had echoed through the pulpits of Italy. Calvin himself had been an honoured guest with the duchess, under the name of Charles Heppeville; Brucioli had dedicated to her the earliest version of the Italian Bible. The freest speculations had always been rife on theological points in her con-

versazioni. Most of the men of letters in Ferrara were tainted; the ladies of her court indulged in unorthodox preachings and prohibited books. Olympia Morata and the Princess Lavinia held many a conversation on forbidden topics—on election, free will, and above all, on the great central doctrine of justification. The princess was beyond any ecclesiastical reach for the present; but the humbler lady might be made to smart.

Up to this time we have no reason to conclude that Olympia felt any of the gospel truths which exercised her intellect. Christianity was to her a beautiful system of ethics, the purest and noblest form of philosophy. But the touch of sorrow was to bring home and vivify those truths now. Hitherto, she had been an admirer without the grand temple; soon she was to enter in, and make it her soul's home.

Her father fell ill; she had to leave the perfumed chambers of the Estense Palace for the poor rooms of a scholar's house, and her beloved studies for that pain-fullest of all occupations, nurse-tending one we love, who is sick unto death. During her absence, her friend the princess Anne was married; and when she returned to the palace, after the burial of her father, she was dismissed by the Duke. Paul II's lesson was beginning to take effect; Hercules II would purge his court from all "infected persons," as those tainted with Lutheran principles were named popularly; perhaps, because it was well nigh as dangerous to be in their company as to have the disease.

Poor Olympia! twenty-two years of age, cut off from the cherished pursuits of her life; disgraced by her patron; no longer to be courted or admired; and with the dead weight of three young sisters, a boy brother, and an invalid mother dependent very much upon her! Bitterly did she feel the succession of misfortunes; but it was the beginning of that vital change of heart, for which she will to all eternity bless God.

"After the death of my father," she writes, "I remained alone, betrayed, abandoned by those who ought to have remembered me, and exposed to the most unjust treatment. You cannot imagine what was my despair. Not one of those formerly called our friends, dared show the least interest in us: we were plunged into an abyss, so deep, that it seemed impossible we could ever be withdrawn from it." And she betook herself to prayer, and to duty. The humble details of "domestic administration," (as her French biographer rather magnificently calls the housekeeping of the poor family,) the education of her sisters and brother, engrossed her pretty closely. Still, we are told now of a study unknown to the court-season of her life—"some hours each day set apart for the reading of the Divine Word:" and her writings begin to lose their heathen tinge, and to be coloured with the heart-religion of the Saviour, henceforth.

"I have no longer any desire," she says in a letter to her father's friend, Curione, "for the passing and perishable things of this world, which during so many years seduced my soul. I sigh after the eternal home, where the faithful heart would rather spend a single day, than live a thousand years in the palaces of the princes of the earth!" The detaching process might have been painful, but it was perfect. It was helped by her visits to the martyr Fannio, then imprisoned at Ferrara for the gospel's sake. The princess Lavinia della Rovere accompanied her; both were "consoled by his exhortations, and instructed more and more in the fear of God." But not until a year after Olympia had left her native city, was this intrepid confessor of the truth burned in the Piazza, and his ashes flung forth on the river Po—a type of Italy's rejection of the Reformation.

Her Latin biographer describes Olympia's position at the date of these prison visits, in a few and dark colours. "Distracted with the cares attendant on a large and slenderly provided family; seeing no end to her distresses, and having before her eyes the constant spectacle of persecutions, which filled her with well-grounded personal apprehensions," what could be a gloomier position for a young woman of twenty-four, who had been brought up in the brilliance of a court? During those very court-days she had rejected an admirer, who was encouraged by her changed circumstances to approach her again. Being a genuine lover of herself and not of her accessories, he was profoundly moved by her fallen fortunes, and cared for her more than ever, when he saw her present life of toil and poverty. "His sympathy found accents as respectful as delicate," writes M. Bonnet, her French biographer; "she could not remain insensible to these testimonies of a love which took the form of the most absolute and humblest devotion." The name of the lover was unmusical—Andreas Grunthler, a young physician of good family in Franconia: he had been pursuing his studies in Ferrara University, for some time back, and was as earnest a Protestant, as true a Christian, as Olympia herself. They were married in 1550.

Now for the most learned lady in all Europe as a housewife! We have extant a letter written to her husband, during the separation which followed shortly on their marriage, while he went to Germany to seek for employment, which is as earnestly, not to say foolishly, loving, as any epistle ever written by any half-educated little bride of eighteen, during her honeymoon. And we find, that after Grunthler had been successful, and brought his wife to a home of their own at Schweinfurth, his native town, the clever and fascinating Olympia, (who wrote to the chief learned men of Europe in Ciceronian Latin, and amused herself by translating the Psalms of David into Pindaric odes,) was as neat and well-managing a "frän" as any in her street; looking well to the ways of her household, and eating not the bread of idleness.

Two or three passages in her letters—all Latin letters, be it remembered—give an amusing peep into the domestic economy of our learned Olympia. A maxim which she discovered and applied was, that "a household is sure to go wrong when the mistress's back is turned." And she complains of a maid-servant, named Barbara, who seized such opportunities to run out from her duties, and gossip in the streets: a complaint which could be echoed by many a British matron of her maid-of-all-work. On another occasion she writes, "I have been compelled to engage the only servant I could meet with; she asks a golden florin a month, reserving also the right to employ a part of her time for her own profit. I have been obliged, hitherto, to submit, but all the wealth in Persia would not induce me to keep her longer. I throw myself on your charity; do send me a servant of some sort, young or old. I can give her five florins a year." Letters strongly resembling this, have probably passed through the postman's hands to-day, from ladies in town to ladies in country, and *vice versa*; on whom still presses intolerably the great yoke of middle-class womanhood, domestic servants. Once, indeed, Olympia is so far driven by her experiences, as to declare that she would prefer being her own maid, and performing all the housework with her own hands, to taking any of the service-women of Heidelberg.

A splendid appointment had been offered to Doctor Grunthler, being that of chief physician to Ferdinand, King of the Romans; but on inquiry as to whether the acceptance would imply any compromise of his reformed faith, and the matter being doubtful, he declined this

promising opening into court favour. "You are well aware," writes Olympia, to the friend by whose means the flattering offer was made, "that we are soldiers of Christ, and have taken our solemn oath to his service. Our deliberate opinion is, that we are not at liberty to conform to the outward worship of a perverted faith, nor, from love of worldly advantages, to rush into dangerous situations, in which we may be tempted to commit crimes against his laws. If, therefore, the inquisitors of Anti-Christ, at Lintz, should wish to force us into their modes of worship, we cannot go thither." And thus the heroic pair were brave enough to lay aside the certainty of a comfortable income, and a fine professional position, while as yet they had not a roof of their own. After this came the far humbler offer of surgeonship to the Spanish troops in Schweinfurth: much drudgery and little pay, but liberty of conscience in that free imperial town; so it was accepted.

And more than two dull happy years passed by here, eventless, as are always the happiest times: Grunthler doctoring the soldiers, Olympia teaching her little brother Emilio, and a young friend, Theodora, (daughter to old preceptor, John Sinapi,) when household cares and unruly maid-servants were off her mind. But presently the heaving surface of society in Europe rolled a great wave of war over the German empire, against the towns of Bavaria. After a miserable siege, Schweinfurth was entered by storm, and sacked. Little do we dwellers in sea-girt Britain, thanks to our good God, know the terrible significance of those words, so common in continental history—"storm" and "sack." The physician and his wife barely escaped with their lives; "but having my husband," writes Olympia to her sister, "I minded not the loss of all else." "Covered with fluttering rags," without shoes or stockings, and suffering from tertian fever, she who was once fondly styled "the glory of Ferrara" walked ten miles that dreadful night, before they came to a village where it seemed safe to rest. "Again and again," I said, "here I must fall and die, for I can endure no more!" And Olympia's is but one item in all the misery that was suffered in that town that night, inflicted by good Catholics upon Protestants who had been but passive in the siege; for the margrave Albert, whose troops had manned the walls, had before this retreated, and left the unoffending to endure the victor's rage.

Olympia's health was never the same from that month forth. Not all the motherly care of the Countess of Erbach, who received her with open arms in her husband's castle in the Odenwald, could bring back strength to the frame which had received so severe a shock. The noble lady's brother, Elector Palatine, shortly procured Grunthler the professorship of medicine at the University of Heidelberg; and, but for the same failing health, the harassed pair might have yet been again very happy. Olympia was very busy awhile in buying household furniture, and gradually gathering again a few books; for her precious library, once her father's, had perished at Schweinfurth: all, except one volume of "Plutarch's Lives," found among the ruins with her name on the last leaf. Various eminent publishers sent her gifts of books, when her loss became known; but no one could replace the manuscripts of her own writings.

Sinapi proposed to her to take charge again of his daughter, Theodora. "I will see her arrival willingly," writes Olympia, "if she can prefer our modest home to the splendours of a court; but," (another of those domestic touches which bring the learned Olympia within hail of the sympathies of all housekeeping women's hearts,) "but she must bring her bed with her; furniture is very dear here, and we cannot buy much, as yet."

Humble as the home was, it attracted within its precincts all that was good and learned in Heidelberg. Strangers coming to the colleges, or visiting at court, requested the honour of an introduction to "Domina Grunthler," alias, the distinguished Olympia Morata. Daily was she becoming more indifferent to such tokens of homage; her feeble health was severing her slowly from all worldly interests except the one mighty love which wound round her heart.

Strange to say, her last composition—the only one of Heidelberg date—is an epitaph in Greek verse, to the memory of the pastor Lindemann. Her biographer, Bonnet, writes: "Thenceforth the cultivation of letters, in which she found delight, was a constant study of the sacred Word: and her poetry changed into prayer." Thus she cast off human learning for the divine, at God's teaching. She counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Her husband has left a few touching details of her dying hours. "She woke from a short slumber, and smiled in a mysterious manner, as if delighted with some ineffable thought. I asked the cause of that sweet smile; she answered, 'I have seen in my dream a beautiful place illuminated with the purest light.' Her extreme weakness did not permit further utterance. 'Courage, my best loved,' I replied, 'thou wilt soon be in the centre of that glorious light.' A little afterwards, she said, 'I am happy, entirely happy;' and she ceased to speak as her sight began to be obscured. 'I can see you no more, my best loved,' she said; 'but I seem all surrounded with the loveliest flowers.' An instant after, she appeared buried in peaceful sleep, and so breathed her last sigh."

Her life, so full of events, so brimmed over with joys and sorrows of peculiar exaltation and depression, was contained in the short space of twenty-nine years. Two months after, died her heart-broken husband, of the plague, which then ravaged Heidelberg; and a few days subsequently, her young brother Emilio followed them both to heaven. The whole household transplanted!

In the church of St. Peter, at Heidelberg, is yet to be seen the monumental inscription to all three; setting forth, concerning Olympia, that "the testimony of her life was yet surpassed by that of her death, tranquil, happy, and holy."

The inhabitants of Schweinfurth awoke too late to a sense of the treasure they once had in their city. It was ordered by a municipal decree, that the house which she had dwelt in among them should be rebuilt at the public expense, and an inscription engraved above:

"A poor and humble mansion, yet not without glory, for it was inhabited by Olympia Morata."

The esteem and regret of the scholars of Europe found vent, suitably, in many Greek and Latin poems, deploring her untimely departure from the world of letters. A more valuable eulogy is found in the simple words of her sorrowing husband. "Never have I known a soul more true, more holy! Never were so much candour, grace, and purity combined in woman!" Thus, the most distinguished literary lady of the Renaissance had her double epitaph.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST.

CHAPTER VII.

THE month of July had now arrived, and that passion for moving, which grows upon one very strongly when abroad, began to urge me to leave Umpqua and "make tracks" to the mines. Already one party from Cali-

foria, bound for the northern mines, had arrived at Umpqua, and pushed on from thence to their destination, thus saving a long toilsome land journey by way of Sacramento. This was not a very difficult feat to accomplish, as, by heading in a south-eastern direction after leaving Scotsburg, the traveller must eventually strike the great Columbian trail, which led across the Ciskiou Mountains, somewhere about what is now denominated Winchester on the map. So, in conjunction with four other of my comrades, we set about making preparations for the start, by purchasing an Indian pony a-piece of some Indians who owned a few cattle on a small prairie above Scotsburg.

Soon our preparations were complete, and, amid the hearty good wishes of our brother colonists, with whom we had for half a year shared danger, privation, and toil, we mounted our "mustangs," and turned our back upon the Umpqua.

It was not without regret I bade farewell to this promising settlement, of which I had been one of the first pioneers. When we left, emigrants were rapidly arriving and taking claims on the river, and there were no less than four vessels in the harbour loading with "piles." The bar was now better understood, and soon it would pay to keep a tug-steamer for the purpose of towing sailing-vessels through the dangerous channel, as at the Columbia, and it would then be no obstacle to the commerce of the country. Though I never returned to Umpqua, I always had intended to do so, and for that purpose, like the rest, I had taken a claim, built a log-house, and planted a little ground. The squatter laws of the State were very simple. Each squatter on the prairies is allowed to take a certain number of acres—112, I think—and an additional number if he has a wife, and so many for each of his children. If it is a river claim, he is allowed a certain admeasurement of river frontage. If the squatter is an alien, to share in these privileges he must pay ten dollars for declaring his intention to become a subject of the United States. When the new country becomes populous enough, the government surveyor comes and surveys the land, and each squatter must pay out of his own pocket for his claim being surveyed and mapped.

In addition to this, it is necessary that the squatter remain upon his claim for four years ere he can legally sell or barter it. An absence of six months at one time, during this period of four years, invalidates his rights, and any one else may seize the claim. The squatter is also called upon by Government to expend, I believe, 100 dollars at least during the four years, in improvements on his land. This latter clause is almost a dead letter, because if the squatter erects a small log-hut, rails in a few rods of land, and plants them, he can put his own value on his work.

As I looked around on our small party as we took the road, I could hardly repress a feeling of the ludicrous. The Indian ponies on which we were mounted were much undersized, while their riders were generally the other way, and the long beards and hair of the one, and the highly-developed, unkempt tails and manes of the other, together with the extraordinary substitutes we had invented in the place of legitimate saddles and bridles, gave our cavalcade a *tout ensemble* at once grotesque and wild.

In other respects we were well provided for the arduous journey that lay before us. Each man was armed to the teeth with rifle, revolver, and bowie-knife, and possessed a pair of blankets, which generally did duty as saddles on the march; and each had in front of him a lasso and a bag of provisions, while behind

him he bore his apportioned share of the cooking utensils—the frying-pan, kettles, kneading-tin, etc. In spite, however, of our bizarre appearance, I felt, and felt truly, that a small compact body like ours, in which each man knew, and could depend upon his fellow, could pass through the hostile Indian country which lay before us with greater safety than a larger party composed of more incongruous materials. The result proved I was right. We only made a short journey the first day, and camped on a small prairie, fifteen miles above Scotsburg. Our camping rules at night were as strictly conformed to as the Romans' were when their army was on a campaign. Hunters' and trappers' lore has constituted these prairie rules; and while an adherence to them prevents an Indian night surprise, and consequent attack—for an Indian will never attack without a surprise—the neglect of them has led to the massacre of many and many a careless party of white men.

Grass, water, and wood are essentials for camping-ground; but, in addition to these, it is necessary that the camp should be pitched in a locality free from any cover within gun-shot distance, from behind which a lurking Indian might fire with fatal effect. When these requisites are found, the animals are relieved of their caparisons, with the exception of the lasso, which being fastened round their neck is allowed to trail on the ground, so that they are easily caught, and then turned out to graze. Then the fire is lighted, and the supper cooked, and as soon as the twilight begins to darken, the horses are driven in, and either fastened with a picket-pin and allowed to graze to the extent of their lasso, or, if the locality is very dangerous, tied to a tree near at hand, so that a *stampede* is almost an impossibility. After this, every spark of the fire is extinguished, as it might prove a guide to the enemy; and the party, having set a guard, roll themselves in their blankets and go to sleep.

The guard crawls out from camp some fifty yards or so, towards the point from which he apprehends danger is most to be expected, and lying flat, with his ear to the ground, he keeps on the alert, his orders being never to challenge anything that approaches the camp, but to fire at it point blank. Above all, no Indian, however friendly, is allowed to sleep in camp. At the first streak of day in the east, the guard arouses the sleepers, the horses are turned out to feed till breakfast is over, when the march is again resumed till evening, with the exception sometimes of a short halt at mid-day. But travellers of the prairie are like masters of ships: they will never lose a moment's time if it can be avoided.

Our route lay through a country of widely diverse features: sometimes we crossed a little prairie, or scrambled through wooded and broken ground; then we ascended and descended huge mountains, and anon forded rapid streams, in some of which horse and man were put to it to swim. These little prairies were inexpressibly beautiful in their appearance, being overgrown with a vegetation almost tropical in the profuseness of its luxuriance. Sometimes our horses were half buried in wild oats and clover, through which it was difficult to get them, from their desire to stop and feed. Wild flowers, too, of the most variegated shapes and hues, which methought were not unfamiliar to me through the medium of English hot-houses, spotted the plain, while in the wooded regions strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, currants, and cranberries grew in great quantities, but in their wild state did not attain the size of our own cultivated specimens. On the third day a flock of antelopes was descried disporting themselves

on a distant hill-side. A halt was immediately called, and a young American of the name of Butler, and myself, as being the best shots, were selected to stalk them. Keeping well to leeward, we got within shooting distance, and both fired together. One of the antelopes sprang into the air, and then fell to the ground, where it lay; the rest vanished with the speed of thought. We picked up our game, which was a beautiful and elegant specimen of the antelope tribe, of a light dun-coloured skin, with white spots, and the pretty head adorned with small horns. While the flesh was scarcely cool, some of it frizzled away in our frying-pan. Ah! 'tis very well to sigh for the golden age, and its vegetable diet. Let such dreamers try a prolonged abstinence from fresh meat, as I had been forced to do: I think they would recant. For myself, I know nothing ever tasted so sweet to my palate as that bit of over-fresh, badly-cooked venison.

As from day to day we continued our journey, the indomitable pluck and stamina of our little "mustangs" pleased and astonished us greatly. It would seem as if the appliances of civilization, which render horses handsome and swift, detract from their hardness, for certainly no English horse could have kept up his condition on the scanty fare and hard work that these little animals, who were quite unaccustomed to "hard" food, had never worn shoes, felt a curry-comb or slept in a stable, encountered with apparent ease. Of course we gave them a respite when it was practicable, and dismounted when the road was bad or mountainous.

It was over a week ere we struck the great Columbian trail, somewhere about Winchester. I see there is now a "military road" from Scotsburg to the former point; but it must be remembered there was nothing of the kind in my time to direct us—not even an Indian trail; and we travelled entirely by compass and "the lay of the country." No wonder we were so long a time on the march. I was terribly disappointed when we did strike the aforesaid "great Columbian trail," for I had expected to see a wide, beaten road; but, on the contrary, it was by no means so well defined as a sheep track, though now and then there were marks of wheels. Soon we overtook a cattle train from Columbia, with three or four wagons drawn by oxen.

The manner in which these Oregon men get their two-wheeled wagons through streams and mountain passes, is truly wonderful. Where even a perambulator would be in danger, these wagons are fearlessly taken. The indomitable perseverance of their conductors is wonderful. When the trail gets so bad that the oxen can no longer draw the laden wagon, it is the commonest of incidents for them to "hump" their load, piece by piece, for perhaps half a mile. Sometimes they are compelled to hew a way through a forest, now to construct a "corduroy" road over a morass. It is done without a grumble. At first I used to be surprised by seeing the mark of only one tire along the sloping crest of a precipice, and in spite of the cattle tracks accompanying it, imagined it must be a wheelbarrow, as the idea of taking a wagon along a slope at an angle sharp as the roof of a house, seemed too incredible. Yet such was really the fact; for I found afterwards that it was quite usual for these energetic voyagers to uphold, by main force, the outer wheel of the wagon, while the inside wheel alone touched the ground for long distances at a time, along the edge of a precipice, when one slip must have consigned wagon, driver, and oxen, to destruction.

There was, however, one part of the trail we had yet to pass, which even these hardy men dreaded. This was the passage of the "Great Cañon Creek. Indeed,

so much was said about it by all the travellers we met or overtook, that it became my *bête noir*, and I longed yet feared to arrive at it.

MY FIRST SCHOOL.

I FELT very proud when it was decided that I should go to school. It was promotion. Was I not at length to be delivered from petticoat government? Was not the governess henceforth to confine her attentions to the younger "children?" And was I not ten years old? I had been told that boys always cried when the Black Monday came for leaving home, but I determined not to show any such weakness, sorry though I was to part from the home circle, and somewhat apprehensive of the unknown future. My relatives accompanied me to my destination, which was within a long drive. I, perhaps, seemed to them callous and indifferent; for though I nearly broke down when the carriage returned without me, thus severing the last link with home, I gulped down my emotion, and kept up a forced merriment to the end. I was not going to play the baby; not I. It was not till I went to bed in a strange room, and among strangers, that a full sense of my loneliness came upon me. Then my assumed composure gave way. I put my head under the clothes, and fairly cried myself to sleep—but still, quietly. And how I longed next morning for a letter from home!

There was much, however, to reconcile me to my new position, and to render attractive the school that had been chosen. It was embosomed in that beautiful group of Surrey hills, of which the far-famed Box Hill may be regarded as the characteristic representative, and lay within easy reach of some of the most lovely parts of that lovely county. It was encompassed with undulating woods, consisting mainly of a thick undergrowth of hazel, overshadowed with oak and beech. These woods were full of wild flowers and fruits, and teeming with animal life; while, here and there, a few acres had been cleared for corn by some outlying farmer. Near at hand was a breezy upland heath, studded with ponds, and separated only by a belt of wood from a range of grassy downs, very tempting for our games of hare and hounds.

The parish was small, and the couple of hundred inhabitants were scattered in rural cottages around the village green, and near the little church, which occupied a conspicuous knoll. It was a primitive and unpretending edifice; but in it the saving truths of the gospel were faithfully set forth, in a plain style, suited to the capacity of the simple agricultural congregation, there being only two gentlemen's families in the place. The good old vicar, having a large family and but moderate income, increased both the one and the other, and employed his spare time by taking upwards of a dozen pupils at a high rate. We were little boys, varying in age from eight to fourteen, and were sent to him for a few years to rub off the crudities of home training, before plunging into a large school. Our education was accordingly conducted in a sort of transition style (to use an architectural phrase), the paternal and family element being largely mingled with the *pædagogic*. We all took our meals together; and the grown-up daughters of the house taught us music, drawing, French, geography, and so on, leaving to their father and his Cantab son only the classical and mathematical departments. This division of labour was good for all the parties concerned, and it was a pleasant household.

The parsonage stood in a pretty garden, surrounded by glebe land, partly grass and partly arable, which our

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dear old master managed himself, aided by a trusty lieutenant and jack-of-all-trades. The beer was brewed at home, and several cows were kept. No tea or coffee sophisticated our palates, but night and morning we drank new milk. There were also two horses, used indiscriminately for riding or driving, and a Shetland pony, which had originally belonged to one of the boys, and which, as a great treat, we were sometimes permitted to mount. We had each our little garden, and very different were the aspects they presented, some boys being utterly destitute of horticultural tastes. By way of playground we had a yard; a covered shed (called, rather grandiloquently, the "palæstra," but chiefly used in wet weather for plebeian *hopscoth*), and two level meadows. One of these was skirted by a dense wood, and, to our great delight, was frequented by squirrels, weasels, shrews, dormice, "and such small deer," to say nothing of snakes, which, though harmless, and even useful, of course fell victims to our English love of "sport." With such surroundings, it would have been wonderful indeed if that love of nature, which is latent in almost every boy, were not stimulated into activity; but, unfortunately, the fashionable development of it among us at that time was the collecting of birds' eggs. This was contraband, and the collections were ruthlessly confiscated whenever discovered by the authorities. But larger *feræ nature* were not wanting. Game was plentiful, and the number of hares I have never seen equalled, excepting in the Scotch Highlands. The fox-hunters often paid us a visit; and on one occasion, which formed quite an epoch in our little world, the Queen's stag-hounds—deer, dogs, redcoats and all—swept in full cry across our demesne.

Cowslips abounded in the neighbourhood, and we eagerly looked for their appearance. Sundry half holidays were then devoted to combined foraging expeditions, the spoils of which, in the shape of basketfuls of golden blossoms, were speedily converted by domestic alchemy into luscious and fragrant wine. Nuts and blackberries, too, in their season supplied an object for many an enjoyable ramble. Sometimes, moreover, our fair drawing-mistress would take out a select party, and initiate us into the mysteries of sketching from nature. And once a-year we were indulged with a grand picnic, which afforded talk for many days before and after.

But though all this was very pleasant, I cannot say that the two years at my first school were altogether happy. There are no such bullies in the world as small boys at small schools. They have not yet got rid of petty tricks, and are ingenious adepts in those modes of torment which, however contemptible in themselves, nevertheless go far to embitter a youngster's existence. These are almost unknown among older boys, and in places where the numbers are sufficient to insure at once a strong public opinion, and sufficient variety of amusements. Besides which, children fresh from home are apt to be thin-skinned. They unsuspectingly expose all their peculiarities and weak points, and, having thus laid themselves open to their persecutors, cannot afterwards avoid them in so small a society. On the same principle, a few unpleasant men will destroy the comfort of the whole community in a small college, where it is difficult to avoid meeting and knowing every one; whereas, in a large college, and, to a certain extent, in a large school also, you can choose your own set, and ignore the disagreeable ones. According to my experience, the only years of scholastic life upon which one can look back in after years with any real sense of enjoyment, (I speak not now of the university, which of course stands pre-eminent,) are those towards the end,

when one is near the top of a large school. That is, unquestionably, a very pleasant position; and I therefore regard the great Langham school* with much greater complacency than this preparatory establishment, where, however, was laid the foundation of some friendships which, I trust, will last for life. And, notwithstanding these dark tints, I shall ever look back with gratitude and pleasure to that retired country parsonage, and affectionately cherish the memory of the venerable Christian pastor with whom my school recollections begin.

A JOURNEY TO PARIS.

DOUBTLESS, under such a title the reader expects the narrative of a ten days' run to Paris and back for 28s. by the Dieppe line. But it is a very different affair that we have in view. It is now one hundred and sixty-five years ago since the journey we refer to was performed—one hundred and sixty-five years ago since the volume that narrates its accomplishment lay with pages uncut in the window of old Jacob Tonson, near the Inner Temple Gate, Fleet Street, or was advertised and circulated by the Mudie of the day as the last new book of the season. Ancient enough is the work now, in its fine old calf binding, with its ridged back, dull with lettered gold. Still, there are some things that old Dr. Lister writes about, worth fishing up from the deep pool of past time, and comparing with the Paris of 1862.

Dr. Lister appears, from scattered notices throughout his book, to have been a man of science and considerable learning, attached to the embassy of Lord Portland, which visited the French metropolis apparently during one of those short intervals of peace that elapsed between the fierce wars of Louis XIV and William III. He had, therefore, peculiar facilities of access to the best society of the place, especially to the studies of the learned. The interest of the book lies principally, indeed, in the latter circumstance, and in the notices that are interspersed throughout it—meagre enough though they be—of some eminent individuals of the time, whose names have floated down even to our day.

Dr. Lister has not given us very minute accounts of his journey, beyond stating the fact that he was five days unwell at Boulogne, and that, immediately on breathing French air, an obstinate cough promptly disappeared. We confess we regret his want of details on these points. We should have relished, too, an account of the inns upon the English or French roads—the "Royal William" or "Ecu d'Or," as their titles might be—the humours of the passage across the Straits, and a description of the packet-boat. A very different thing, in many respects, would all have been from our present swift transit from London to Folkestone, and the rapid transshipment of baggage, followed by the quick presto steam movement, that shoots you ere long opposite the white lighthouse on Boulogne pier.

Dr. Lister found the Parisians of 1697 the same sight-loving people that 1862 records them to be. The standing crowd, on the entrance of the ambassador and his train, was so great that the English were startled at it. "There were hundreds of coaches of persons of the best quality, even some bishops and lords, which I saw, who had placed themselves in a file to line the streets, and had the patience to have so remained for some hours."

The Doctor seems to have been struck with the magnificent appearance of the houses, of hewn stone, contrasting even in that day with the dingy brick of Lon-

* See "School Recollections," in *Leisure Hour*, for May, 1861.

den; but the interior of the mansions was that which principally excited his admiration. "As the houses," he says, "are magnificent without, so the finishing within and furniture answer in richness and neatness, as hangings of rich tapestry raised with gold and silver threads, crimson damask and velvet beds, or of gold and silver tissue. Cabinets and bureaux of ivory, inlaid with tortoise-shell, and gold and silver plate in a hundred different manners. Branches and candlesticks of crystal, but above all, most rare pictures. The gildings, carvings, and paintings of the roofs are admirable." The Doctor, however, sums up his description with a discovery that many English tourists of the present day still make; for who, after passing the first day in admiration of his grand apartments in Paris, has not been willing the next day to part with some of the luxuries for a few of the comforts he has had at home? "Many utensils and conveniences of life," the Doctor feelingly adds, "are wanting here, which we in England have. This makes me remember what Monsieur Justell, a Parisian, formerly told me here, that he had made a catalogue of near threescore things of this nature which they wanted in Paris."

The old *régime* was of course flourishing in all its glory. No symptoms were then apparent of the grand crash that exactly a century afterwards was to topple all down in dire confusion. Accordingly, we read of the bishops' equipages, and the figure made by the abbots—the sons of the nobility. The counsellors and chief officers of the court of justice made a grand figure. "They and their wives have their trains carried up, so there are abundance to be seen walking about the streets in this manner. 'Tis for this that places of that nature sell so well. A man that has a right to qualify a wife with this honour shall command a fortune, and the carrying a great velvet cushion to church is such another business. The place of a lawyer is valued a third dearer for this." Yet, amidst all this glitter of pomp and fashion, the ancestors of that furious mob that a century afterwards emerged from the Faubourg St. Antoine, and, all wild with frenzy and poverty, pulled down the social edifice, were not a-wanting. "The great multitude of poor wretches," continues Dr. Lister, "in all parts of this city, is such that a man in a coach, afoot, in the shop, is not able to do any business for the number and importunity of beggars, and to hear their miseries is very lamentable." Patience, Lazarus! The hour of terrible compensation for your wrongs is on the wing, though the Doctor will not live to see it.

Some of our readers may remember the anecdote of Charles I being displeased, in his love for conformity in state as well as in church, at seeing that, among the goldsmiths' shops in Cheapside, a tradesman of another craft had spoiled the symmetry of the silver show by intruding his wares. The king, if we remember aright, unsuccessfully tried to expel the nonconformist. Louis XIV was, according to Dr. Lister, more successful in another little matter of the same kind, just small enough to engross the attention of the mind of the Grand Monarque. "'Tis pretty," he says, to observe "how the king disciplines this great city by small instances of obedience. He caused them to take down all their signs at once, and not to advance them above a foot or two from the wall, nor to exceed such a small measure of square, which was readily done, so that the signs obscure not the streets at all, and make no figure, being placed very high and little."

The following notice, at this distance of time, is not uninteresting, reminding us, as it does, of the cry, *à la lanterne*, which was so often raised during the Revolu-

tion, when some unhappy *suspect* was left dangling on the lamp rope, extemporised into a gibbet.

"The streets are lighted alike all the winter long, as well when the moon shines as at other times of the month, which I remember the rather because of the impertinent usage of our people at London to take away the light for half of the month, as though the moon were certain to shine and light the streets, and that there could be no cloudy weather in winter. The lanterns here hung down in the very middle of all the streets, about twenty paces distant, and twenty foot high. They have candles of four in the pound in them, which last burning till after midnight." And now let all fast young men, emulous of the exploits that gave a late marquis his reputation, hear the penalties with which the Grand Monarque repressed such exuberances of spirits. "As to these lights, if any man break them, he is forthwith sent to the galleys; and there were three young gentlemen of good families, who were in prison for having done it in a frolic, and could not be released thence in some months, and that not without the diligent application of good friends at Court. The lights at Paris, for five months, only cost nearly £50,000 sterling." Louis XIV, who, with all his dignity, was not above earning an honest penny for the state, raised a large tax by permitting Paris and other cities thus to light their dark places.

One of the principal features of interest in old Dr. Lister's book is the scattered notices it contains of men whose names have come down even to our own day. Among the celebrities of the day whom he visited was Le Notre, who is known pretty widely as the designer of the gardens at Versailles. The following is the Doctor's narrative of his interview with him. "This gentleman is eighty-nine years old, and quick and lively. I was several times with him, and once he carried me into an upper closet, where he had a great collection of medals, in four cabinets—most modern. Amongst them were four large drawers, three of which were the medals of King William, nearly 300, as he told me. The fourth drawer was of King William's ancestors and family; he had been forty years in making this collection, and had purchased many of them at vast rates. The French king (Louis XIV, the great opponent of King William) has a particular kindness for him, and has greatly enriched him, and no man talks with more freedom to him. He is much delighted with his humour, and will sit to see his medals, and when he comes at any medal that makes against him, he will say, 'Sure here is one decidedly against us,' as though the matter pleased him, and he was glad to shew it to the king. Monsieur Le Notre spoke much of the good humour of his master; he affirmed to me that he was never seen in a passion."

One day the Doctor pays a visit to the Observatory of Paris. Other mornings were passed by him in the cabinets of *savans*, looking over their collections of medals, objects of natural history or *vertu*. Nor were classical scholars forgotten, for we find him dropping in upon Madame Dacier, the celebrated translator of the classics, and a decided blue-stocking. He was on the whole pleased with her, and records her conversation to be easy, modest, and unaffected.

There are many other points of interest in the Doctor's volume; but we have given enough, probably, for our reader's interest. We allow the curtain to fall again, then, on the dim outline of the city of Paris, as it stood more than a century and a half ago. The hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows of its inhabitants have, we need not say, long since been swallowed up in the deep waters of the ocean of eternity!